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Premonition.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

In a still chamber, a white bed of sleep
With soothing pillow, and a dream so deep,
That it alone reality did seem,
And all reality was but a dream—
I woke as children waken, in surprise,
With soft bewilderment of lips and eyes,
For I had felt upon my eyelids pressed
One darling baby kiss; upon my breast
A passing breath as of an angel-wing
Poising above me, fragrant, fluttering.

And then I breathed the subtle, sweet perfume
Of lilacs, purple lilacs, in full bloom:
Lilacs so cool and fresh, the flowers I knew
Just plucked, pale, purple lilacs damp with dew.

In ecstasy I to the window flew,
Charmed with the garden of my dreams; but, no!
There coldly fell the moonlight on the snow—
The snow that lay like moonlight far below.

Was it a memory that chose to bring
From my dream-garden a forgotten flower?
Was it a spirit that forestalled the hour
And woke me with the first faint breath of spring?

—“*Century*” for March.

St. Thomas of Aquin.

That great light of the thirteenth century, and of all ages—Thomas Aquinas—presents in his career a brilliant model to the student, the philosopher, and the Christian. He was born at Belcastro in Campagna, A. D. 1227. His ancestors were of the nobility, and for many generations had passed their lives in war. His parents were ambitious and worldly. They sent him, when five years old, to the mighty Abbey of Monte Cassino, hoping that one day he would be its master. While there, he applied himself diligently to the acquisition of knowledge. The monks taught him the elements of grammar,

logic, and philosophy. The monastic influence of the Abbey made a deep impression on his character; in all his subsequent career, the effects of the Benedictine rule can be detected in his devotion, his silent meditation, and his observance of rule. But the Abbey, on account of its wealth and power, having become embroiled in the contest between Pope Gregory IX and Frederic II, was taken by the troops of the emperor, and the monks were dispersed.

Thomas was sent by his parents to the great University of Naples—an institution very different from the quiet monastery on the mountain side. His opportunities for study and observation were now increased, and, having been placed in a religious house, he was shielded from all the pernicious influences of the place. He rapidly acquired a reputation for intellectual power; but he soon changed his plans. He learned, from his contact with society of the great, social evils which called for reform, and saw that he could be more useful by engaging in the active battle of life. The Order of St. Benedict was good in its way, but the time demanded one more aggressive in spirit. The Dominicans—true soldiers of the Church Militant—famed for poverty, learning and eloquence, seemed to him to be more useful in the impending crisis. He was conscious of his own abilities; to his far-seeing prescience his future was revealed. Out of pure charity for mankind, he gave up all visions of worldly honor, and joined the mendicant Order of St. Dominic. The Dominicans were well aware that they had received a useful accession, and probably used every argument to induce him to take this step. But his family, on the contrary, were not so well pleased. They had never relinquished their cherished ambition of controlling Monte Cassino. They employed every device to induce him to change his purpose. They confined him in prison at San Giovanni for two years. But their efforts were fruitless: Thomas was inexorable; he remained a simple Friar Preacher.

The Dominicans sent him to Cologne to study under the renowned master Albertus Magnus. While at Cologne, he passed his days in silent study; he spoke little, but thought much. He never joined

in the noisy disputations of his companions. He was of a quite different disposition. The other students thought he was a dunce, and often ridiculed him, calling him the "dumb ox." Even the master Albert formed a low opinion of his ability, until, by accident, the fire of his genius shone forth in a disputation. Albert was amazed: "We called this young man a dumb ox," said he, "but so loud will be his bellowing in doctrine that it will resound throughout the world." When Albert removed to Paris, which soon became the first theological school in Europe, Thomas followed him, in order to complete his studies under his direction. Three years later, having finished his course, he began to teach, first at Cologne, afterwards at Paris. While teaching at Paris, he was ordained priest.

He soon became famous, both as a teacher and as a writer. His first works, "On Being and Essence," and "On the Principles of Nature," and his treatise *De Angelis*—"On the Angels"—foreshadowed the masterpieces of his later years. One of his earliest works was a commentary on the "Sentence" of Peter Lombard, in which he manifested great critical powers, and a thorough knowledge of Sacred Scriptures.

The Angelical devoted the remainder of his life to the advancement of the cause of truth. Never before was there greater need of such a man. The struggle between reverence and rationalism, between truth and error, was greater than at any previous time. Abelard and his followers made revelation subordinate to human reason. The wild dreams and fantastical notions of the Eastern philosophers were taught in many schools. The love of novelty took the place of common sense, and whoever taught anything heretical was sure to have many pupils. Faulty glosses of Aristotle were in circulation, and the most absurd doctrines were advocated on his authority. Some, unable to refute the sophisms of the rationalists, even believed that reason and revelation might be contrary.

Observing that the teachings of Aristotle could, in a great many instances, be reconciled with Christianity, Thomas wrote commentaries on his principal works, reconciling him with Christian principles when it was possible, and unhesitatingly condemning him when he was wrong. Another work—"Disputed Questions"—contained his expositions of special questions in theology given while teaching as a doctor. It was divided into three principal parts: "On Power," "On Evil," and "On Truth." He also wrote a "Compendium of Theology" for the use of missionaries, and many minor works. His absorbing desire, however, was the conversion of the infidel; and, in order to accomplish this, he wrote his "*Summa Against the Gentiles*"—a concise and lucid exposition of the Catholic doctrine from a philosophical standpoint. It consists of four books: the first treats of God and His attributes; the second and third treat of creatures, and the fourth dwells on the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Sacraments of Grace, and Life Eternal. But he brought all the powers of his splendid intellect, all his special graces to bear on the crowning work of his life—the "*Summa Theologiae*." The "*Prima Pars*" treats of the

Divine Being, His existence and perfections; of the Trinity; and, having thus established a central position, of the creative act, and of the angels in detail. The "*Prima Secundæ*" has for its subject man, his end, and the means to obtain it; the "*Secunda Secundæ*," virtue in detail, the theological virtues—faith, hope, and charity; and the cardinal ones—prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. In the "*Tertia Pars*," the Angelical speaks of the Incarnation, the sacraments, and the general judgment, thus completing the circle of salvation, beginning with God as Creator, and ending with Him as Judge. The *Summa Theologiae* is a synthesis in which all the traditions of the Church is reduced to scientific form; it shows St. Thomas to have been a man of wonderful learning. Besides his knowledge of Aristotle, he was thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers of the Church. He followed Aristotle in ethics, St. Augustine in tradition, and our Lord Himself as directing both.

He did not live to finish his great work. He died in his prime, on the seventh of March, in the Year of our Lord twelve hundred seventy-four, while on his way to attend the Council of Lyons.

The greatness of St. Thomas can only be appreciated when we consider the superiority of men of thought to men of action. The thunderbolts hurled by the defenders of truth in the contests of to-day are the work of his hands. The world shall feel his power while doubt and error exist.

But his work was not only that of a philosopher, it was also that of a saint. He could not have written so well of things divine, had he not been filled with the light of Heaven. His fountain of knowledge was the crucifix. It is related that while once kneeling before it, he heard a voice, saying: "Thomas, thou hast written well of Me; what wilt thou have as reward?" Thomas replied: "Nothing, Lord, but Thee." He composed the beautiful Office and Mass of Corpus Christi. Pope Urban IV instructed both him and his intimate friend St. Bonaventure to compose one; but St. Bonaventure, chancing to read the composition of St. Thomas, destroyed his own.

St. Thomas was a model of purity, charity, love, and adoration. He has been made the special patron of schools, on account of his wisdom and sanctity. Popes and theologians have always regarded his works as of high authority. Besides being canonized, he was made Doctor of the Church.

T. J. S.

Irish Music.

It is said that one of the great masters, on hearing for the first time a simple Irish melody, exclaimed: "That is the music of a nation which has lost its liberty!" And such, truly, is the music of the people of the Green Isle. Through the melodious cadences of the national music of Ireland there run continued strains of sadness and joy, of sorrow and levity. But the joy is that which comes at times to the man sick at heart, and the levity is the levity

of one who would drown his sorrow, but who cannot. In Irish music we also hear other strains, in which there is the tramp of armies moving to battle; but we hear no pæan of victory—we hear only the wail over the dead, and the bitter laugh of him who has lost in the great conflict. And then in the simple strains of Irish melody we picture to ourselves the days when “Malachi wore the collar of gold”; the days when Brian led his men to victory against the invading Danes; the days when the voluntary exile of Erin went forth among the nations of Europe to teach and instruct them; the days when the Lia Fail rested on Irish soil, and an Irish king ruled over Irishmen. But the same air recalls to mind the fact that the days of Malachi no longer gladden Ireland; they carry in them the lament for the chieftains slain, and they tell us that there are now involuntary exiles from the shores of Erin. We hear in the sad wailings of Carolan of the trials and sufferings and wrongs of a people forced to fly to the caves and the mountains to worship God as their consciences dictated to them.

Many archæologists would persuade us that the airs to which the inimitable Moore adapted his songs have been handed down to us from a great antiquity. Some, indeed, of the Irish melodies can be traced to the fifth century; but, as a general thing, most of the polite airs of that country came into existence in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. However, it is safe to say that the Ceanans, Cries, Wails, etc., which are not the *music* of the country, date their origin as early as the fifth century, if not to an earlier age. But a beautiful air does not need the clearness of antiquity to adorn it—it lives by its own merits. We leave these to the antiquarian, to search into the shadowy past, and discover the traces of Irish song amid the ruins of ages.

Some archæologists claim that at an early period the Irish were acquainted with counterpoint, and that they understood diésis, or inharmonic interval.

The ancient Greeks, from all that we can learn, undoubtedly understood diésis, and formed their ear to this delicate gradation of sound. But it is wholly without proof that any of the ancients, whether Greeks or Romans, Britons or Celts, had any knowledge of harmony, and that the praise of transmitting song through the “variegated prism of harmony” is due to later times.

It was not until the invention of Guido became thoroughly understood that Irish music took the sweet and agreeable tone by which it is so marked. Until the invention of the gamut by Guido was made, this music was subjected to a mutilated scale; but after Guido flourished, the harps of Ireland were enlarged so as to increase their capacity for putting forth sweet sounds; more strings were added, and the melodies were improved. The bards of Scotland stood by their old mutilated scale and would not adopt the gamut of Guido, so that the music of Ireland became subject to the laws of harmony, while that of Scotland remained in its original wildness. Many of the beautiful airs claimed by the people of Scotland do not belong to them by right, but are the productions of Ireland. Anyone who at all understands the characteristic differences

between Irish and Scotch music can perceive this at once.

But although the style of Irish music has been improved and sweetened by modern science, yet it has by no means lost its native simplicity and originality. Carolan and other great masters of Irish music had abundant opportunities of hearing the works of Germiniani, and others of the Italian schools, and they profited by it; yet neither he nor his followers ever abandoned their original simplicity, nor did they seek to adorn their music with the flowery embellishments of the Italians. In his *Concerto*, that strange and curious composition, Carolan sought to imitate Corelli. In no other piece of his do we recognize any attempts at imitation, and, is generally conceived that the *Concerto* was a failure.

It is somewhat curious that in the music of most nations the composers have sought to mimic natural noises. In Irish music, however—excepting in the low songs of the street singer—none of these mimicries can be found. Indeed, foreign styles have in no wise injured Irish music. Its chief corruptions are to be found mainly in the want of skill in some of Ireland's own musicians, who frequently loaded down the sweet melodies of their country with their own fantasies.

In conclusion, it may safely be stated that through all the airs of Erin, though sometimes the original strain can no longer be traced, there runs that rich vein of Irish spirit and nationality which has charmed and will charm all the nations of the earth.

MAC.

St. Patrick's Day.

FROM “PRELUDES,” BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Is there a land in all the great round earth
In which thy name's unknown, O gracious Saint?
Thy people praise thee; wild, strong March winds faint
Beneath the burden of a pious mirth
In memory of thee. Where's the sad complaint
Of yesterday? To-day our preachers paint
Thy glory, Truth-bearer. Hope takes new birth;
Old tales of Ireland light the dulllest hearth.
Greater than Israel have thy people been;
Greater than Moses, gracious Patrick, thou;
For greater sorrows have no people seen,
And so resigned did no people bow
Unto God's will, which, changing all Spring's green,
Leads them to Spring through Fall and Winter now.

Shakspeare's “Julius Cæsar.”

As the sands of the ocean differ, so men in their thoughts, qualities, and actions. Those who have had some quality specially developed, and have made use of it in a manner that raises them above the ordinary, either in writing or by action, such men we call geniuses, and such have withstood the waves of Time, and appear to us unscarred; while

the admiration of preceding ages, like a veil, is cast around them, softening their faults and defects. All may not be great, for greatness would thereby lose its signification; nor can all judge the quality, or measure the extent of their greatness, as it is folly for the pupil to judge that which he understands not; yet their productions may we admire, and the impressions they produce upon us may we describe. So, in speaking of Shakspeare's plays, we can only express in common words our conceptions of the various characters.

In the play of "Julius Cæsar" he has followed very closely the history of those times; yet it may not be out of the way to call attention to two small incidents that appear: 1st, Cæsar compares himself to the North Star, which, he declares, is immovable; and it is a well-known fact that this star and the earth change their relative position. The striking of the clock at the meeting of the conspirators in the house of Brutus (Act II, Scene I), and the counting of the strokes by them. Clocks were not invented until about 1500 years after Cæsar's time, and they kept record of the time by means of the hour-glass, burning candles, and the sun dial.

This play well represents the state of affairs in Rome during that period, showing the ambitious and jealous spirit then pervading; Cæsar had just returned from the wars with Pompey, whom he had vanquished. The conqueror's crown was his, and the flush of victory tinted his achievements with a hue which made him appear to the people as having more than human power; Casca describes how, during the *Lupercalia*, Cæsar was thrice offered a crown, and how thrice he refused it.

We notice how each character's personal nature is reflected by the words and descriptions of others more than by his own; Cæsar was a man susceptible of flattery. He claimed to be immovable after having once made up his mind; yet three different times does he change his determination within a few moments. His first intention was to go to the Senate chamber in opposition to Calphurnia's wish; yet, on hearing the report of the priests about the ill predictions of the sacrifices, and on the entreaties of Calphurnia, he says he will stay at home; but Decius Brutus, by interpreting the dreams in a flattering light, and speaking of how the Senate would hold him little for giving heed to such small things, making them wait because Calphurnia had ill-omened dreams, induced Cæsar to go to the Senate. Men's natures he well understood, and by their looks could well judge their failings; he wanted only those around him that thought as he, and pryed not into his affairs; "sleek-headed men, such as sleep o' nights."

That he was great, he himself well knew, and wished to be the centre lamp of all the world, around which men like moths would hover, while the nations by this light should be guided. Cassius was one that Cæsar held to be dangerous, and good cause had he to hold him so. Cassius was ambitious, and envied the height to which Cæsar had attained. He was a keen observer, a deep thinker,

and an excellent judge of human nature. He well knew how to move men to his cause, under the garb of patriotism. He made his cause theirs; worked upon their feelings and prejudices, making every action and word tend toward forwarding the one cause—the overthrowal of Cæsar. His personal magnetism and fiery eloquence added authenticity to his statements. By means of flattery, and under the garb of an enthusiastic patriot, he incited the famous conspiracy. Knowing Brutus was a great friend of Cæsar, beloved by the people, to whom the killing of Cæsar would look justifiable if under the direction of Brutus, he strained every nerve and used every device to gain Brutus to his cause. By making it appear that the Roman people were about to be placed under a tyrannical yoke, and that the people were calling upon him to rise and save their liberties, he gradually won Brutus to the cause. It was his wish that Antony might also be assassinated, as he feared the influence he might have over the people; and it was against Cassius' will that Antony was allowed to speak Cæsar's funeral oration. Had his wishes been followed in either case, probably the ending of this famous conspiracy might have been far different from what it was. He loved not to be crossed in any of his plans, and when so crossed, the fiery part of his nature would burst forth, revealing the rest, among which you can notice avarice and conceit.

The celebrated quarrel scene shows the contrasting natures of Brutus and Cassius. The former had just received word that his wife had committed suicide; how hundreds of Rome's best citizens had been put to death by Antony, while fickle friends were deserting his cause on every side, and no one would lend him money to pay his legions, not even Cassius; when Cassius entered and upbraided him for not pardoning a man whom he had requested might be pardoned. Here in Brutus' replies do we see one of the grandest examples of coolness and self-possession. Brutus was a true patriot, firmly believing that the welfare of Rome could be preserved only by the removal of Cæsar. Every word and action tends to show how deeply he was interested, while all his intentions seem to have arisen from his deep conviction that the course he was pursuing was the proper one, and, as Antony says,

"This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar."

In the character of Casca we find one who is seemingly disgusted with all others, save himself. As age turns cider into vinegar, so age seemed to have had a like effect on him, making him ascetic, a keen observer of small faults—one who could ridicule in the most sarcastic manner the words and actions of those he liked not. Marcus Antonius was the chosen friend and adviser of Cæsar, and on his death it was evident that his only salvation lay in making friends with the conspirators until he could obtain strength enough to overthrow them. This, he did; and, obtaining permission to speak Cæsar's funeral oration, he found the people

excited by the words of Brutus, and to say ought against him or his actions meant death. All were in favor of Brutus, while Antony had in that vast crowd not a friend. With remarkable coolness and cunning he began to tear apart, thread by thread, the cloak of popularity which surrounded Brutus and his actions. Slowly and surely he pulled out the first thread, by speaking gently of Cæsar's death and those who had caused it. Soon he plucked forth more, by speaking of the reasons for their doing so; and, having unravelled sufficient, he cast the remainder to the winds by reading Cæsar's will. While saying nothing directly, yet he so turned the tide of popular feeling by hinting that there were other causes, less honorable than those which Brutus had told them, that they were soon crying out against those whom, but a moment before, they were lauding as fit to fill the place of Cæsar. Yet, Antony held them by exciting their curiosity about Cæsar's will; and they, thoroughly excited, listened to the bequests of the *now* noble Cæsar. Their former hatred for him was now turned to love, while his body in their eyes looked like that of a slain god. Worked to a frenzy by the eloquent appeals of Antony, they rushed away to wreak their vengeance upon the conspirators. But Brutus and Cassius fled, just in time to escape their wrath.

Here we see how Antony, by a masterstroke, gained all, and defeated the plans of the conspirators; for, having the people on his side, they were deprived of their main strength. Antony and Octavius Cæsar soon rid themselves of all senators, and others that were in any way liable to interfere with their plans. Their troops overcame those of the conspirators in battle of Phillippi, during which Brutus and Cassius kill themselves; and thus ends the play of "Julius Cæsar," with two of the weakest scenes Shakspeare ever wrote. His genius seems to have been hampered and constrained by being confined so closely to the real history; yet this play will be acted over and over again,

"In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

D. S.

Sidney Smith.

This renowned English essayist was born at Woodford, Essex County, England, in 1771. Of a numerous family of boys—all of whom rose to prominence in after-life—Sidney was the most remarkable. Although he was ordained a minister of the Church of England, from some of his expressions it would seem that he was often uneasy, lest he had mistaken his vocation.

He was possessed of the most pungent wit; yet this power was never given to offense, but was ever curbed by the greatest generosity of heart. He entered Oxford, and graduated there, acquiring celebrity rapidly and without effort.

With some misgivings he entered upon the discharge of the duties of his profession, and accepted a call from the little village of Nether Avon, six miles distant from Milston, the birth-place of Jo-

seph Addison. Here, removed from all the congenial spirits of his former life, he exerted himself to improve the condition of his ignorant parishioners, and, as he himself expresses it, "to make sixpence do the work of a shilling." In this field he labored with unceasing faithfulness until he received, and accepted, an offer to travel with the son of a wealthy country gentleman, in the capacity of tutor. With his *protégé* he arrived in Edinburgh in June, 1798, and soon became acquainted with such men as Homer, Lord Jeffrey, Brougham and Dugald Stewart. In response to an invitation, he delivered six sermons in the old Charlotte Chapel. These he afterwards published, and dedicated to Lord Webb Seymour, with his characteristic laconic brevity.

With Jeffrey, Homer, and Brougham, he ventured upon the publication of the *Edinburgh Review*, and became its first editor. Through this paper, which soon became the criterion of English literature, publicity was given to his fresh and original sallies, against the evils and oppressions of the day.

He married in 1800, although not then in affluent circumstances. In 1803, with his wife and child, Smith moved to London. His financial condition was now so poor that his wife quietly sold her family jewels without his concurrence that they might defray temporary expenses. Sidney Smith's merits were soon recognized, however, and amongst others, Lord Holland became his warm friend. At Holland House, he spent many happy evenings in sharp discourse with Moore, Macaulay, Luttrell, and others of equal literary renown.

A warm friendship with Lord Erskine resulted in his appointment to the living of Foston; and although the acceptance of this offer would tear him from his new circle of friends, he was forced to accept it, and did so with expressed gratitude. Fearlessly, in his letters to "Peter Plymly," he denounced the bigoted oppression of Catholicism, and vigorously championed its right to supply men of uprightness and competency to public office.

At Foston he dispensed medicine and money, justice and religion, alike to all who needed, and was called "Doctor the Parson." In 1826 he sent his last contribution to the *Edinburgh* and severed his practical connection with that paper. In 1829, to the regret of his many Yorkshire friends, he exchanged Foston for the living of Combe-Florey.

In the midst of the excitement and turmoil, occasioned by the presentation of the Catholic Emancipation-bill, Earl Grey took advantage of a brief bill, to acknowledge the obligations of the Whig party to the author of "Peter Plymly," by securing his appointment as "Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's." Soon thereafter, Smith delivered his famous "Dame Partington" speech. The speech was to have been delivered in the Guild-Hall; but, owing to the immense crowds that flocked in from all sides, the great Assize Hall had to be used. Still "oppression's champion," he never failed, or hesitated, to give voice to his political convictions, even when by so doing he might have given offense to friends of contrary views.

In London, a generous friendship sprang up between Sidney Smith and Dickens, and Smith's house was an ever-open resort to all the *literati* of that great city. His wit, spontaneous and pointed, was perpetually subjected to the guidance of a most pure and generous heart. The text of his last sermon in St. Paul's was, "Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep It Holy."

On the 22d of February, he calmly and peacefully sank to rest, and upon the 28th was buried in Kensal Green cemetery.

V. BELLE.

The Polish Nation.

Poland has had a glorious past—during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries she was the most important factor in the destinies of Europe. The Asiatic and African hordes were pouring into Europe their barbarism and degradation. People fled at the approach of this devastating avalanche. Beautiful and wealthy Vienna could no longer hold out against the two hundred thousand Saracens which for months had invested her and cut off all communication with the outer world. Death and starvation had already carried away more than half her robust defenders. Already the besiegers were rejoicing in anticipation of a rich booty, for they knew of no possible relief. Yet Sobieski, with his twenty or twenty-five thousand warriors, was at hand. After many forced marches they had reached the enemy's camp, and, in the stillness of the night, stole upon it with the swiftness and courage of lions. The Saracen hordes were decimated. The crescent receded before the cross, and, for once, the terror-bearing cimex proved less redoubtable than the Polish lance. Vienna was relieved. Christendom breathed more freely, and the heroic Polish general, the immortal Sobieski, sheathed his triumphant sword.

For two centuries longer the Leckzinskis continued to be the arbiters of Europe. Two proud, but half-civilized monarchs had, contrary to all usage, challenged one another to a personal encounter. Blood alone could quench their thirst. Yet Peter the Great and Charles XII, of Sweden, before jumping at each other's throats, referred their real or imaginary grievances to the king of Poland. The king's adverse decision wounded Peter the Great's pride so deeply that he immediately placed himself at the head of a powerful army and carried death and devastation into Sweden. Charles XII, was defeated at Pultowa, barely escaping with his life to England and thence to Turkey. Peter, more enraged than ever, thirsted for the blood of his rival, and requested the King of Poland to sustain his claim; but the latter refused, and Peter, powerless and alone with his rage, died shortly after; but on his death-bed he bequeathed to his daughter the revengeful feeling which was departing with him. The proud and ambitious Catherine did not wait long before carrying out Peter the Great's dying wishes. In league with the unscrupulous Frederick the Great, and the un-

willing but impotent Maria Theresa of Austria, she planned and executed one of the greatest international crimes ever perpetrated—the partition of Poland. She did more; and, as her prototype, Cleopatra, used to do, she mapped out the slice of Turkey which should be chopped off to atone for the latter's refusal to deliver Charles. Poland was crushed, but her soul was strong and hopeful. Her sons had been ostracized, or had fled to foreign lands. One Poniatowski and a few patriots found an asylum in France, where, under the ægis of the king, they sighed, prayed and longed for the rehabilitation of their dear country.

Events, however, were pushing one another. The European armies had been resting long enough. Napoleon had neither forgotten nor forgiven the treacherous part which Alexander played during the Austrian campaign in 1806 and 1811; he declared war against Russia. A ray of hope flashed through Poniatowski's mind and thrilled his patriotic soul. He hurriedly gathered round him the noble and brave companions of his exile. With this handful of heroes he joined the grand army, crossed the frontier, shed a few legitimate tears on the native soil, and continued an onward march into Russia. Victory after victory attended Napoleon's arms and brought him triumphant into the Czar's capital. But gold can purchase monarchs as well as meaner men. Great Britain opened her treasures and poured them into Alexander's hands. Moscow was burned, the Kremlin razed, and under this heap of ashes and ruins Poniatowski's patriotic dreams and national hopes were buried forever.

Since that great disaster the pulsations of the Polish heart have grown weaker and weaker, although, from time to time, the national soul has seemed to revive. But the haughty and unmerciful German chancellor, Prince Bismarck, has just given the *coup de grace* to Poland's aspirations in the name and for the greater glory of his dear *Vaterland*. The descendants of Sobieski, Leckzinski, Poniatowski, and Kosciuszko are to-day, like the sons of Abraham, wandering through the world. The hopes of a national resurrection are now as faint in the hearts of the former as in those of the latter.—*Home Journal*.

Art, Music and Literature.

—A mass of Jacobite correspondence at Levens' Hall, Westmoreland, has recently been examined, and it contains a number of historical documents of great value. There are several letters in the handwriting of James II, that have never been published, including the original draft of the manifesto, written by the King at Rochester after his flight from London, in 1688. There is also the first letter written by James after landing at Boulogne.

—Ruskin says of Voltaire, the great French infidel: "His work is, in comparison with good literature, what nitric acid is to wine, and sulphureted hydrogen to air. Literary chemists cannot but take account of the sting and stench of him;

but he has no place in the library of a thoughtful scholar. Every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him; and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl."

—A collection of Irish poetry, including the best productions of all writers of the race, is about to be issued by the *Detroit Free Press* Publishing Company. The compiler, Mr. Daniel Connolly, of New York, has been engaged for many years in the preparation of this anthology. Some two hundred and fifty writers will be represented, and the collection promises to be a standard work for many years to come. It is to be brought out as a subscription book, with handsome illustrations.

—Benziger Bros. have in press a book on a subject absorbing the attention of the civilized world—"The Parnell Movement," treated by T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in a direct and honest way, and said to be one of the clearest and most forcible statements yet presented of the Irish national question. Mr. O'Connor begins with the movement under O'Connell, and describes vividly the tragic scenes of famine, coercion, young Irelandism, Fenianism, etc. He makes clear the views of Isaac Butt, John Mitchell, Justin McCarthy, Sexton, Davitt, Dillon, Biggar, and other leaders who have identified themselves with their country's cause.

—A professor of "Volapuk," the newly-invented "universal language," has just opened a regular course of lessons in Paris. The novel dialect, which the world owes largely to the labors of a Catholic priest, is designed merely as a medium of communication for commercial purposes; and its vocabulary is limited to some thirteen thousand monosyllables adapted from the most commonly spoken languages of Europe, English contributing the larger proportion of them apparently. "Ston," "smok," and "tim," for instance, are the Volapuk equivalents for "stone," "smoke," and "time." "Pain" is "dol," a "river" "flum," and "wisdom" "sap"—all three Latin roots. The bits of Volapuk given in the *Figaro* remind one of the specimens of the native dialects quoted in *Gulliver's Travels*. "Good day, sir," is "Glidi, sol." "How are you?" is expressed by "Liko stadols?" "Elemob fladi de vin" is Volapuk for "I have bought a bottle of wine." The language is not particularly euphonious; but it has the advantage of being uncommonly easy, it being possible (according to Professor Kerchkoff) to master it in eight lessons.

Scientific Notes.

—It is said that a piece of wild turnip, the size of a bean, well saturated in turpentine and applied to a felon, will relieve the pain at once and cure the felon in twelve hours.

—At Alameda, Cal., the rapid growth of the eucalyptus tree was demonstrated by cutting down one planted twenty-five years ago. It was 100 feet in height, and measured 3 feet, 6 inches at the butt.

—A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain. "No, sir," was Abernethy's reply, "for no man with a single ounce of brain would ever think of taking snuff."

—A possible clew to the sudden fatality produced by chloroform in some cases, even when administered by the most cautious experts, is furnished by the published experiments of M. Dubois, of Paris, who finds that this agent acts with extraordinary rapidity on criminals after the introduction of alcohol into the system, and terminates in death with startling abruptness.

—MM. Brinn, of Passy, are, as we learn from *Engineering*, producing oxygen on a large scale by the barium-oxide process, which is described in most books on chemistry. We refer to it mainly on account of their using the oxygen so obtained for the purification of water. Filtered water is placed in a cylinder and saturated with oxygen gas at 300 lbs. pressure to the inch. This renders the water perfectly pure, all organic matter being destroyed.

—The king of the Belgians has proposed an annual prize of 25,000 francs for the purpose of encouraging works of the mind, the competition to be open to all nations, and to be decided by a jury appointed by the King of Belgium to consist of seven members, of whom three are to be Belgians, and the remainder foreigners. The prize, forming the object of the third mixed international competition, will be adjudged in 1889 to the best work on the progress of electricity as a motive power, as a means of illumination, and in other ways.

—In his German garden journal (*Deutsche Garten-Zeitung*), Dr. Wittmack, Professor of Botany at Berlin, gives a most striking instance of the longevity inherent in trunks of palm trees of the genus "Cycas." He says: "In the large palmery of the renowned seed and nursery establishment of Mr. J. C. Schmidt at Erfurt (Germany), there have existed, for the last eight years, two trunks of *Cycas media*, having a height of thirteen and sixteen feet respectively, and being, consequently, specimens of such dimensions as were never before brought to Europe. These two trunks, forming a portion of a large cargo brought from Queensland, were, on their arrival in 1878, considered to be quite dead; but, for the sake of curiosity, they were, nevertheless, planted in the ground. Imagine the astonishment of everybody concerned at finding that these 'mummies' had suddenly returned to life, their crowns ornamented with wreaths of thick foliage, which is now completely grown, and affords a most imposing sight! It is to be hoped that these two scions of the primeval vegetation of an epoch far remote will continue to thrive, with 'stature unbent by age,' and not again relinquish the youthful activity so suddenly displayed, and that a chance may be afforded them for making up for the loss they sustained during the enjoyment of eight years of somnolent beatitude.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 20, 1886.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the NINETEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

Our Staff.

FRANK H. DEXTER,	P. J. GOULDING,
F. J. HAGENBARTH,	T. J. CLEARY.
M. B. MULKERN.	

—The festival of the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph was celebrated with more than usual splendor yesterday (Friday). Very Rev. Father General Sorin officiated at the Solemn High Mass, with Rev. President Walsh as deacon and Rev. Father Regan as subdeacon. The grand altar, ablaze with lights, the massive gold vestments, the magnificent voice of the venerable celebrant—which came forth with such richness and melody that it thrilled every heart within the sacred edifice—all elevated the soul the more tenderly to St. Joseph, in union with his whose very soul seemed poured out in gratitude to the Saint who has given Notre Dame so many marvellous proofs of his powerful protection. It is now more than forty-three years since Notre Dame's Founder, then an ardent young priest of twenty-eight years, first set foot in St. Joseph's County. He noted as an auspi-

cious fact, that the soil of his new home, with the beautiful river that watered it, was already consecrated to this glorious Saint. This circumstance, and the fact that St. Joseph is one of the chief patrons of the Order which he came to establish, caused the fervent young priest to look for assistance with even more confidence to St. Joseph; and the world sees how his confidence has been blessed. St. Joseph has assuredly obtained many blessings for Notre Dame; but the *greatest* of all—the one for which every member of the Holy Cross is deeply grateful—is the preservation of the venerable Founder in vigorous health.

St. Patrick's Day at Notre Dame.

St. Patrick's Day is a universal festival. It is one that is celebrated the world over. Wherever you find an Irishman, there you will see the seventeenth of March observed by one at least. If it is not in his power to manifest his love of home and religion in any other way, he will at least wear the green little shamrock, symbol of Trinity in Unity, and the emblem of Irish faith. This he will do with all his heart. The children of Ireland, though driven from her shores and compelled to seek refuge in foreign climes; though separated by a boundless expanse from their native land; though they see her limbs bound by the chains of tyranny, and her people downtrodden and oppressed, or refugees in foreign lands; though her national colors can now be seen as such only in some foreign and distant country, yet they never forget her and hers. On this day of each year, they assemble before the altar of God to offer up prayers to the Almighty for their suffering Motherland, and to glorify and praise their benefactors, especially their great deliverer, St. Patrick. On this day, the children of old Erin, inspired with a patriotic spirit, recount the heroic deeds of their forefathers, and, with tearful eyes and throbbing hearts, look back on the past, reflect on the present, and look forward to a happier future. When they see the noble green banner unfurled to the breeze, and the shamrock ornamenting the breasts of their countrymen, and Americans who wish to share the honor of wearing the green,—when they see this, their hearts glow with gratitude to think that what has been denied them in the land of their birth is granted them in the home of their adoption. "The children of Ireland can weep for their mother, but they cannot blush for her." Amid all her trials and difficulties she has not been guilty of one act that could bring the color to the face of an Irishman. The oppressors have, in a sense, deprived her of liberty and of her nationality, but they have not taken away or uprooted the Faith that was so deeply planted by St. Patrick more than fourteen centuries ago. It is entirely unnecessary to occupy time and space in descanting on the faith of the Irish; it is known and respected wherever an Irishman is known; it has become an aphorism in the English language; it is the inscription on thou-

sands of banners throughout the continent; *Semper fideles usque ad mortem*.

Notre Dame, though comparatively secluded from the busy world, yet is not backward in joining hand and heart with those who would "give honor to whom honor is due." Hence we see her on the seventeenth of March dispensing with the regular routine of college life, collecting her students around the altar of the Most High, and exhorting them to pray for their distressed fellow-beings. St. Patrick's Day, then, was a day of general recreation; every one had his green shamrock, which was furnished by the happy forethought of the good Sisters.

In honor of the day the Columbians presented a very successful and interesting entertainment in the evening. The exercises opened at half-past six with a "Medley of Irish National Airs," played with spirit and tasteful expression by the University Band. This was followed by an Address from the students, represented by M. O. Burns, to Rev. Vice-President Zahm, to whom the exercises of the evening were made complimentary. The "Oration of the Day" was delivered by Mr. W. D. Jess, and was an eloquent panegyric of St. Patrick and the Irish people, and received with manifest enthusiasm. The frequent applause with which the orator was greeted told more powerfully than words of the success of his effort. The historical drama of "Richard III" was the great event of the evening, and was well presented by the Columbians. The parts were all well committed, and enacted by each one with spirit and fidelity. In particular, C. Harris, as "Richard III"; J. Rahilly, as "Richmond"; P. McGuire, as "King Henry VI"; Wm. Harless, as "Lord Stanley"; J. J. Hamlyn, as "Duke of Buckingham"; and H. Paschel, as "Sir Wm. Catesby," distinguished themselves by the energy and good elocutionary expression with which they enacted their respective rôles. The play was put on the stage with all the attention to costuming, scenery, etc., that could be desired. And, in general, the entire representation reflected the greatest credit upon the Columbian Association and their worthy Director, Prof. J. A. Lyons. We regret that circumstances have prevented us from giving a more detailed report, and doing each one who took part the justice so well deserved.

The concluding remarks were made by Rev. Father Zahm who acknowledged the compliment paid him in the dedication of the exhibition, and gave a few words of earnest, practical advice to the students.

Ireland's Festal Day.*

The day we celebrate is, indeed, noteworthy; and wherever an Irish heart beats with enthusiasm, or labors under the excited pressure of admiration and love for old Ireland, it is a day of universal joy and thanksgiving. And it is gratifying to per-

ceive that, year by year, it is assuming a more general observance. It is but meet, in this land, under whose sheltering wings so many sons of Irish parents are making their abode, that we should endeavor to make it of all days observed the most observed. The embers of dying patriotism should ever be kept alive, that a nation may live. Love of country is next to love of God; and the test of a nation's security is the love borne her by her children. And to-night, although we are breathing the air of Liberty, and rest seemingly secure under the "stars and stripes," we should bear in mind there are other nations less favored. Born and reared in an era of peace, as the most of us have been, we have had no occasion arising as to cause us any forebodings of any but a happy and cloudless future. As patriotic citizens, we all bear towards our country the sincerest attachment; we glory in her achievements, and take a just pride in her advancement.

Engaged as our fellow-citizens are in their various occupations, and wrapt up in their business pursuits, they have little time, and give less to a comparison of our advantages and blessings. Our wise and farseeing statesmen have noted this fact, and time and experience have asserted it. For the purpose of ever keeping the public alive to their interests, national holidays have been instituted. While St. Patrick's Day is not, strictly speaking, a national holiday, it, nevertheless, in its purpose and teachings, serves as one.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day awakens the memories of the past, and recalls the Irish struggle, not only for religious, but also for civil rights. The fringe of the dark cloud that hangs over the Emerald Isle once rested upon our own now happy land. America in her struggle for Independence was successful; but, alas! for down-trodden Ireland, she is still in the toils. Our patriotism receives a fresh impetus as the struggle of our revolutionary forefathers is recalled; Ireland's struggle was at that time, and is to-day, for the same purposes and principles. St. Patrick's Day recalls that struggle, and awakens in every heart renewed patriotism and love. And, as in the light of recent events, we turn our backs to the past and our faces to the future, we cling with a greater tenacity, and hope with a greater hope, that the day is not far distant when Ireland may be successful in her struggle for independence; and, breathing the air of freedom, she may be united hand in hand with America.

The Irish national festival, celebrated this day with the heartiest enthusiasm and deepest religious devotion, is one of peculiar interest, not only to Irishmen, but to all classes of population wherein Irishmen have made their homes.

The history of the Irish race is one of such world-wide interest that the celebration of this festival universally brings its leading characteristics under consideration. These characteristics are so very marked as to distinguish the Irishman everywhere from his fellow-citizen of other nationality. To two notable characteristics of the Irish race is universal attention directed to-day—the unswerving devotion of the children of Erin in all lands to the Faith

* Address delivered by M. O. BURNS (Law), '86, at Elkhart, Ind., March 17.

preached to them by St. Patrick, and their grand, noble, and inspiring patriotism and love of country, evidenced by the manner in which she has fought and bled for so many centuries, that their green Isle might one day be numbered among the nations of the earth.

The Catholic faith preached to the children of Ireland by St. Patrick was gladly accepted by them, and its teachings adhered to under every vicissitude of their national existence. There is no other nation that can show a nobler record of devotedness to religion than the Irish. Faithful at home, faithful abroad have been the children of St. Patrick. At home they have shed their blood profusely in the defense of religion. Neither famine, war, nor pestilence, has shaken their faith in the doctrines implanted in the soil of Erin by St. Patrick himself. The Irishman at home to-day is as firm as ever in his allegiance to Catholicity. Abroad he has scattered the light of divine Faith to every region of the globe; Ireland has, indeed, proven herself an apostolic nation; apostolic as to its birth as a Christian nation; apostolic, by its diffusion of that Faith; apostolic, by its firm and fervent adherence to the Chair of St. Peter.

Steeped in the darkness of infidelity when Patrick first touched on her green shores, "Christianity," says Moore, "burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer." Kings and princes, when not themselves among the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining the train without a murmur. Chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed to meet beneath the Christian banner, and the poor Druid and Bard meekly laid his superstitions at the foot of the Cross. Every portion of this Isle, however remote, was visited by our Saint; and the Church, founded by St. Patrick, grew for ages after his death, until its glory filled the earth, and its sanctity won for Ireland the glorious title of "Isle of Saints."

But if the first days of the Church of Ireland were those of prosperity, it was destined, like all other churches, to be tried by the fire and sword of persecution. Twice tried, in a manner to which human history offers no parallel, has been the Ireland of St. Patrick,—first, by the Danish invader, and secondly, by the English innovator. I will not attempt to follow in detail the varied phases of Ireland's struggle against heretical innovation, nor will I attempt to delineate, in any language of my own, the savage cruelty inflicted upon this race during that struggle which did not end until the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in 1811.

But the labors of St. Patrick were not in vain. The Irish have maintained the Faith through all their trials and troubles. Much as they love liberty, desirous as they have been for freedom, they have forgotten all in their allegiance to Christianity, and their fidelity to religion. Liberty, wealth, and national greatness might have been theirs, if they would but renounce their God. But with sublime courage and moral greatness, while her history has been written in the tears and blood of her children, she has still maintained the Faith, ever hopeful,

ever sanguine that He who controls the destinies of all nations will one day right her wrongs, and reward her fidelity.

But let us now turn and dwell a moment upon that brave and heroic struggle that has engaged her sons and daughters during the last three hundred years. As no other nation can show a nobler record of devotedness to religion than the Irish, I may safely add, none other can show a more protracted, determined, and unsuccessful struggle for liberty.

Goaded to desperation at her unsuccessful endeavor to uproot the Catholic faith from Irish soil, in sweet revenge, England deprived Ireland of her civil rights. In this she has been most successful; nevertheless, she has struck a battling host, that will torment her until the end of time; that will follow in her footsteps and harass her movements until the banner of the "Green," rejuvenated in its former glory, proudly waves over the turrets of Dublin Castle.

No other nation, since the creation of the world, has been the object of such cruel and unjust Legislation as the Irish. Robbed of their lands, deprived of their Parliament, denied the freedom of speech and the free exercise of their religious convictions; the doors of her churches closed, and a price placed on the heads of her priests; her most illustrious sons sent to the gallows, and their friends into exile in foreign lands, all form a dark page of English history that grows darker as time rolls on.

It is true that England, by bribery, has attempted to smooth over her actions, and to justify her record of coercion and bloodshed; the historian may falsify his history, and the people may read it; but as indelibly impressed upon the hearts of thousands and thousands of Irishmen, and upon the very soil and institutions of Ireland itself is the story of English tyranny and oppression. "The page that is blackest shines brightest," and the woes of Erin will be remembered by her sons and daughters only to soften the strains of exultation which the acquisition of liberties will raise like a storm throughout the length and breadth of that loved Isle of the ocean.

Much as every true Irishman loves the land of his adoption, he never ceases to remember the land of his birth. While distance separates him from her hills and valleys, love and fidelity still attach him to her soil. The Irish exile to-night bears the same love and attachment towards his native land as on the morn he first left her green shores. Every new cruelty inflicted on the remnant of the once glorious nation inflicts a wound in his heart as in the days of yore; and every wail that goes up from the Irish bog finds a responsive chord in his breast.

Ireland has a sad history. "From Boyne's dark waters, ever witness of her desolation, and from Tara's lofty hills, ever echoing her renown," through all these long years the memories of '47 are not forgotten. The sad circumstances under which so many of the Irish left their native Isle have stamped one remarkable feature upon the Irish emigrants: they are a distinct people. Like the children of Israel, *by the waters of Babylon, they sit down and weep when they remember Sion.*

But the harp no longer hangs mute on Tara's Hall. The indignant hearts of Erin's sons need no longer break to show that she still lives. With the knowledge that those who would be free must strike the blow, Irishmen, under the leadership of Parnell, are within measurable distance of the recovery of their birth-rights. Five million hearts in Ireland to-night, and ten times that number over the face of the earth, await in hopeful suspense the shock of battle in English Parliament.

The voice of Ireland, which had already sounded throughout the world, awakening in every land a feeling of sympathy in her sorrow, and in her determination to obtain her rights, will still be heard. It will be heard over the voice of penal judge and pocket jury! it will be heard over the din of arms; over the very war of the oppressor's cannon, and it will be answered!

What the veil of the future may hide is not given for man to know. Enough that in skies, long torn by cloud and storm, thrice blessed signs of peace, hope and victory appear:

"Look aloft! Look aloft! lo! the cloud drifting by;
There's a gleam in the gloom! there's a light in the sky—
'Tis the sunburst resplendent far flashing on high;
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!"

Aerial Perspective.

CONDENSED FROM RUSKIN.

EXPERIMENT I.—Take a pound of snuff and place it about six miles off. You need not be particular to the inch. It will then assume a deep, rich purple hue. The most precious purples are those which are indistinguishable from browns to the uneducated eye. Of course, it is possible that you may not be able to see the snuff at all at that distance, but with this I have nothing to do. I am treating of general principles, not of your individual powers of vision, which are of no importance whatever. Remove the paper and string with which snuff is usually done up, or the experiment may not succeed.

EXPERIMENT II.—About half an hour before dinner, when the cook is unusually flurried and excited, clandestinely secure any of the ordinary culinary utensils—the dipper—is perhaps as good as any—and place it on top of the church steeple. The blueness developed will be surprising; and you had better take your dinner at a restaurant when you try this experiment.

These experiments will serve to show the effect of the atmosphere, in producing blue and purple tints, but it would not be legitimate to refer *all* such tints to aerial perspective. The distinctive blue color of literary ladies, for instance, is not entirely ascribable to the airs they give themselves. Other causes are at work, of which we must at least pretend to know nothing. What I wish you to observe is that the nomenclature adopted by "scientific" persons, by which purple and blue are distinguished as "retiring" colors, and red and yel-

low as "advancing," is as erroneous as the views of scientific people usually are on the subject of colors or anything else connected with art. I myself have frequently seen a child, when punished by being prematurely sent to bed, become a lively yeller in the very act of retiring, and the artistic process of spanking only increased the intensity of the hue [and cry]. Turner was the great master of color; and a fine Turneresque effect can be produced by turning up a child and applying the maulstick where it will do most good. In another lecture I will furnish hints to beginners for producing Turneresque effects on the complexion of a maiden aunt, or a first cousin twice removed.

BOYLE DOWELL.

Personal.

—J. Monschein, the Junior that carried off four medals last year, passed a few days visiting his friends at the College.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Hiner, Lima, Ohio; Mr. and Miss Dewald, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. James O'Kane, Miss Anna Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. William Crotty, Miss H. McLean, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. and Miss Kenny, Legionier, Ind.

—Rev. D. J. Hagerty, C. S. C., of '75, the esteemed Rector of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, held a very successful "festival" for the benefit of his new church on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. The attendance was unusually large, and a very handsome sum was realized. One of the features of Wednesday evening was an eloquent address by Mr. C. N. Mills, a distinguished lawyer of Chicago, who evoked the greatest enthusiasm by his spirited words in behalf of Ireland's cause.

—The Philadelphia *Transcript* is publishing a series of sketches of the prominent personages of its city. Last week there appeared a long biographical notice of one of Notre Dame's Alumni—Daniel M. Collins, Esq., of the Class of '60. We regret that we cannot devote the space necessary to presenting entire the complimentary and well-deserved sketch, but the following brief extract will perhaps give an idea of the success which is attending him in his career, and the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens:

"At the age of fourteen, Mr. Collins entered the University of Notre Dame du Lac, St. Joseph's County, Indiana. His career there was marked and successful. In all the branches of study in which he was engaged, as well as the additional acquirements of a finished education that invited contest, he gained prizes, seemingly without effort and when the full course was completed, he graduated with honors, at the age of eighteen. Returning home, he entered upon the study of law with his father, in the office at No. 140 South Sixth street, for a time and then finished with a year's reading with Morton P. Henry, Esq., who, on Mr. Collins' admission to practice at the bar, on February 9, 1864, pronounced him the most apt and most diligent scholar he ever had, and one who had passed the most creditable examination. The young lawyer commenced business in his father's office just one year before the latter died, succeeding to his practice, which was then large. For the first ten years he devoted time and ability between civil

and criminal practice, the latter opening to him the best field and opportunity for the display of his forensic powers, with which he is naturally gifted, and, also, on account of the fees that are thereby returned. He was ambitious, as all starting out in life should be; besides, he needed money, as most of us do who have not inherited wealth from our predecessors. After that time the civil branch of the profession engrossed his time almost to the exclusion of other cases. So far, the current of his affairs has flown smoothly on, and at the age of forty-two years—the prime of life—he has a large clientele, especially among the German branch of our population—his thorough knowledge of that language being greatly in his favor,—and enjoys an excellent reputation at the bar for keenness, thorough knowledge of his profession, deliberate and conscientious devotion to the interest of all who place their business in his hands. Among the many cases in which he has been engaged, none have ever gone by default of attention, and in but few has he failed in obtaining a verdict in favor of his client."

Local Items.

- Navigation has opened.
- A sign of Spring—Marbles.
- How do you pronounce *Bell Yache*?
- The "Expiation" is the next play that is on the board.
- The Band was out serenading yesterday (St. Joseph's Day).
- Work on the interior of the extension to the Church has been resumed.
- It is rumored that the pupils of the French classes will soon appear in a French play.
- Lost.—A bunch of keys with No. 512 inscribed on the ring. Please return to E. R. Adelsperger.
- An interesting criminal case is on the docket for this evening. The attorneys are Messrs. Finlay, Ancheta, Byrnes, and Goulding.
- There was a movement last year to get up a band in the Juniors. As there is very good material at present, why not try it again?
- Our aquatic men are to hold a monster meeting soon. Momentous questions, bearing on our boating interests, will then be decided.
- The members of the Junior Military Company were measured for their suits last week. They will receive them about the 1st of April.
- The Sorin Cadets appeared in a dress parade on St. Patrick's Day; their pretty blue uniforms, set off by fine green badges, gave them quite a *distingué* appearance.
- The Elocution medals will be vigorously contested this year. The principal contestants in the Juniors are: E. Darragh, J. Garrity, D. C. Regan, P. Levin, and C. Cavaroc.
- The Sun enters the tropic of Cancer to-day (Saturday, March 20) at 10 h., 41 m., 48 sec. a. m., local time at Notre Dame; or 10 h., 26 m., 45 sec. a. m., railroad or standard time.
- The best likeness of General Sherman we have yet seen is a handsome, large photograph sent by him, a few days ago, to his nephew, Master Sherman Steele, of the Minim department.

—The members of the Junior branch of the Crescent Club Orchestra are distinguishing themselves by their artistic playing. Under their leader, Mr. G. Myers, they are rapidly approaching perfection.

—The Sorin Cadets are divided into two Companies, "E." and "S."—the initial letters of their Patron's name. The uniform is blue, trimmed with red, for both; but Company "E's" costume is knickerbocker.

—The Juniors who took the parts of the Princes in "Richard III," distinguished themselves by their clear enunciation and graceful manners—the result of the superior training they received while inmates of St. Edward's Hall.

—Prof. Gregori is preparing studies for the decoration of the new Italian Church, Chicago. He has already finished a sketch for a large mural painting representing the Blessed Virgin appearing to the founder of the Order of Servites. He is now perfecting studies for an Assumption.

—The first game of baseball of the season was played St. Patrick's Day by the two first nines of the Juniors. It resulted in a victory for Waubraush's nine, after seven innings. The score was 13 to 10. The playing was not remarkable, on account of the weather, and the fact that it was only a trial game.

—St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with great enthusiasm at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was sung at eight o'clock by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Zahm and Robinson. During the day the University Band enlivened the surrounding atmosphere with soul-stirring strains. A grand dress parade and drill was given in the afternoon by the Hoynes' Light Guard, and witnessed by numbers of delighted visitors. In the evening the Columbians entertained a large audience in Washington Hall with a grand dramatic performance.

—At the session of the University Moot-court, on the 13th inst., the case of Crawford *vs.* Cole was argued before Judge Hoynes. The question involved was whether a mortgagee, who had knowledge of the transfer of the mortgaged property, but who remained passive until the mortgaged debt became due, could maintain foreclosure against the purchaser of the land. The plaintiff demurred to defendant's plea. The case was argued in favor of the former by F. X. Claffey and F. H. Dexter; of the latter by J. D. Wilson and P. J. Goulding. The court, after fully summing up the issues, decided that the purchaser must be held to have had knowledge of the mortgage, and therefore the land was liable for the debt.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns grateful thanks to Rt. Rev. Bishop Glorieux, of Idaho, and Very Rev. Father Janssens, Administrator of the Diocese of Alton, for valuable contributions to the Bishops' Gallery; to Rev. M. O'Regan, C. M., for the pectoral cross used by his uncle, Rt. Rev. Anthony O'Regan, Third Bishop of Chicago; to the Editor of *The Ave Maria* for interesting manuscripts and photographs; to Rev.

Father T. Hayes, of San Marcial, New Mexico, and Brother Benjamin, C. S. C., for services rendered in receiving objects of interest for the cabinet; to Rev. Father Maher for Pastoral Letter of Bishop Baltes, and several pamphlets; to F. Quill, of Nashville, Tenn., for Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop and suffragan prelates of the Province of Baltimore at the close of the Tenth Provincial Council, 1869; Pastoral Letter published at the Fourth Provincial Council of Cincinnati, 1882; "History of John Toby's Conversion, With His Views on Temperance"; "The Liquor Trade and the Excise Law"—a lecture by Rev. C. A. Walworth.

—The Thirteenth Annual Celebration of St. Patrick's Day, by the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society, complimentary to Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Vice-President of the University, was given on Wednesday evening, March 17. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Music—"Irish National Airs".....N. D. U. C. B.
Complimentary Address.....M. O. Burns
Song and Chorus.....E. Riley and Philharmonics
Oration of the Day.....Wm. D. Jess
Overture—(*Lustspiel*).....Orchestra

"RICHARD III."

An Historical Drama in Five Acts, by William Shakspeare.
Slightly Remodelled for the Occasion.

Cast of Characters.

Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III...C. Harris
Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII...J. Rahilly
King Henry VI.....P. McGuire
Lord Stanley.....Wm. Harless
Duke of Buckingham.....J. J. Hamlyn
Sir Wm. Catesby.....H. Paschel
Tressel.....C. Crowe
Sir Richard Ratcliff.....H. Long
Duke of Norfolk.....G. Houck
Lieutenant of the Tower.....Walter Breen
Officer.....O. Ryan
Sir James Tirrel.....L. Bolton
Lord Brandon.....M. White
Earl of Oxford.....L. Daley
Lord Mayor of London.....C. Duffin
Earl of Pembroke.....S. Williams
Forrest.....A. Gordon
Attendant.....F. Soden
Sir Thomas Vaughan.....J. V. O'Donnell
Lord Rivers.....J. Bates
Gray.....G. Crilly
Hastings.....F. Jewett
Prince Edward.....Master W. McPhee
Duke of York.....Master J. E. Berry
Lords, Officers, Citizens, Pages, etc., etc.

TABLEAU.

During the Drama the following selections were given:
"Tripping through the Meadows"—Polka Redowa—
(*G. D. Wilson*).....Frank and James Peck
"The Mountain Stream"—*Sydney Smith*.....L. P. Chute
Overture to "Poet and Peasant"—(*Suppé*).....C. Ruffing
"Home, Sweet Home!".....R. Oxnard
Epilogue.....C. Neill
Closing Remarks.....Rev. J. A. Zahm
Music.....N. D. U. C. B.

—Washington Hall, at Notre Dame University, was crowded from vestibule to gallery with students and visitors last night. The occasion was the 13th Annual Celebration of St. Patrick's Day by the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society, for which an excellent programme had been pre-

pared, the principal feature of which was the presentation of the play of "Richard III." The entertainment was given complimentary to Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., the esteemed Vice-President of the University. St. Patrick's Day is always a red letter day to the sons of Erin's Isle. On that day the heart of the true Irishman goes out to the beautiful land of the shamrock and thistle—a land whose moors and dells have been forever embalmed in the music of the poet's undying song. Men of no nationality revert to the land of their birth with a warmer enthusiasm or a more ardent glow of pride than does the pilgrim from the Emerald Isle. He who, with his eloquence or his pen, espouses the cause of the liberty-loving Irishman against tyranny and oppression finds an easy way to his grateful heart. As long as the Irish race lives, no matter into what clime he may have gone to find that freedom which God intended should be the lot of all men, the recurrence of St. Patrick's Day will take him back to the beulah land of Cork, and he will hear again the silver chimes of

"Those bells of Shandon

That sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

At Notre Dame, the advent of St. Patrick's Day is of special significance. The students don the green ribbon, and do honor to the historic Saint. To honor the Rev. Father Zahm with the entertainment last night was a happy thought on the part of the students. The honor could not have been more worthily bestowed. No one connected with the University is held in higher esteem among the students and alumni of Notre Dame than is Father Zahm. He has been identified with the progress and growth of that institution as an instructor for the past 15 years. His travels, which have extended into every state and territory of the Union, and his labors in the Department of Science of the University have won for him an enviable reputation. His recent trip to Alaska, where he made an exhaustive study of the people and the geology of that unknown land, the results of which have been embodied in a neat little illustrated pamphlet, promises to add to that distinction that has already been accorded him as a scholar and a polished gentleman. His remarks at the close of the entertainment last night were characteristic of the man. He complimented the young men of the Columbian Society for their excellent entertainment, and after referring briefly to some of the alumni who had added new lustre to the glory of their *Alma Mater*, he appealed to the students to cultivate a manhood that would redound more than ever to the honor of Notre Dame. The musical portion of the programme was especially excellent. A delightful feature of it were the renditions by Mr. Morone, the celebrated harpist of Chicago, who is visiting Signor Gregori, the renowned Italian painter. He was warmly encored after each performance. The play was well presented, the cast of characters having been admirably selected. Mr. C. Harris distinguished himself in the difficult rôle of King Richard III, and evoked the unstinted plaudits of the audience.—*South Bend Tribune*.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ancheta, Ashton, Ashford, Aubrey, Archambeault, V. Burke, M. Burns, D. Byrnes, Becerra, Bowles, Bryar, Baca, A. Browne, F. Brown, Becker, P. Burke, Conlon, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, Coady, Congdon, Craig, Chapin, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Fred Combe, Cassidy, Cooney, Crilly, Cartier, Dexter, Dolan, Dohany, Egan, Emmons, Fogarty, Finlay, Ford, Forbes, Goulding, A. A. Gordon, Albert Gordon, J. Gallardo, J. Hamlyn, C. Hagerty, Houck, J. Hampton, F. Hagenbarth, A. Judie, Jackson, Jeffs, Koudelka, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, Karst, Kleiber, Kendall, W. Luhn, Larkin, Ley, G. Morrison, B. Morrison, Murphy, Mathers, Murdock, P. McGuire, A. Miller, Moon, Neill, O'Rourke, Ott, P. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, Padilla, T. Ryan, E. Ryan, Remish, E. Riley, C. Rothert, Rochford, Regan, Rheinberger, Rodriguez, C. Shaide, Stubbs, Saviers, Sheridan, Strasser, Snapp, C. Williams, A. Williams, White, Wagoner, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Austin, W. Arts, Akin, Brabrook, Baur, Blakeslee, Boos, Bowles, E. Benner, F. Benner, I. Bunker, Curtis, Colina, Courtney, Cooper, Chute, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, Cavaroc, Cain, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, Coles, Chaves, Dougherty, Doss, Dickinson, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Ewing, Epple, Frain, Finch, Flood, Fehr, Fisher, Fitzgerald, Fitzharris, Fontanel, Grothaus, Goebel, Galarneau, Garrity, Gordon, Hoffman, Hayes, T. Hake, A. Hake, Hall, Heiner, Houlihan, Inderrieden, Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Jeffs, Joyce, Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Levin, Luther, Long, Meehan, McConn, Mueller, McIntosh, Myers, McNamara, Mulkern, Mitchell, Macatee, Mulberger, McCort, Nealis, Noud, Newton, Nations, Oxnard, O'Kane, O'Gorman, Portillo, Press, Prudhomme, Preston, Regan, Ratighan, Redlich, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, Robinson, Ramirez, Senn, N. Smith, S. Smith, F. Smith, H. Smith, Shields, Spencer, Stattman, Steele, Talbot, Towner, Tiedrich, Valasco, Warner, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, C. West, L. West.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Atkinson, W. Bailey, Barger, Campeau, Chute, Ciarcoschi, J. Connors, E. Connors, Crotty, Cobbs, Dewald, Dunford, L. Doss, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Farmer, Fontanel, F. Garber, E. Garber, Grant, Graham, Griffin, Haney, Healy, Hillas, Huiskamp, Inderrieden, Jewett, Jones, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, Keeffe, Kellner, Klaner, Landenwich, Mainzer, Moncada, McIntosh, Morgan, McGill, McCourt, McNulty, Martin, Murphy, Mason, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, Munroe, Nester, B. Nealis, C. Nealis, O'Neill, Paul, Piero, J. Peck, F. Peck, Quinlin, Ramsey, Riordan, Rowsey, Stone, Steele, Sullivan, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, W. Smart, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Taft.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

Messrs. Portillo, W. McCourt, Houlihan, Adelsperger, Jewett, Austin, Talbot, Nealis, N. Jacobs, Duffield, Hall, Noud, Wabraushek, A. Hake, T. Hake, N. Smith, McConn, Rochford, Blakeslee, W. Akin, R. Oxnard, Boos, Myers, Spencer, McVeigh, McPhee, Scherrer, Fisher, E. Bowles, Jess, McIntosh, E. Jeffs, Cain, A. A. Gordon, Bacigalupo, Fitzgerald, Duming, Ramirez, Cavaroc, Clarke, Darragh, Joyce, Nations, Valasco, A. Gordon, Chaves, Fontanel, Sack, Glenn, Keyes, T. Ryan, Ott, Cassidy, Griffith, Hampton, Daly, Judie, Dooling, Chapin, C. Harris, G. Harrison, Dempsey, Goble, Strasser, Nancolas, Gallardo, Rodriguez, Breen, Ley, F. Soden, Fogarty, Moody, Rahilly, E. Riley, Aubrey, C. Shields, Hayes, Bowles, Vandercar, Heiner, Epple, H. Smith, Moon, Mier, P. Jacobs, C. Ruffing, P. Paschel, J. Murphy, F. Dillon, Frain, S. Smith, Bunker, Nussbaum, Ratighan, Remish, O'Kane, Cooper, F. Smith, Tewksbury.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Roman mosaic cross was drawn by Miss Lottie Bragdon. The other competitors were the Misses E. Balch, Clifford, Coll, Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Mason, McEwen, Nester, Odell, Pierce, Prudhomme, G. Regan, Sheekey, Smart, B. Snowhook.

—Interesting letters have been received from Miss Mary Chute. Her many friends at St. Mary's trust that the tropic lands where, with her esteemed parents, she is now sojourning, will restore her beloved father to the precious blessing of health.

—To greet in an appropriate manner the first anniversary of departure from earth of the late lamented Sister Mary of St. Cecilia, which will occur on the 14th of April, her former devoted pupil, Mrs. Harold Hayes—*née* Miss Helen Foote—Class '76, has presented a votive lamp to the Chapel of Loreto. The gift arrived on the 14th inst.

—A very excellent study in figure-drawing has just been completed by Miss Fuller. The rare and patient application of the young artist has been amply rewarded in the production of a work of which she and her friends may well be proud; but, better still, she has, by her careful practice on a difficult subject, gained a fund of experience which will serve her through a lifetime.

—The ladies who occupy St. Ann's Hall—thanks to Miss Mary Ewing, who interested herself in the adornment of the hall—have secured and framed "a beautiful oleograph of the Sacred Heart, by De Belley," which received the honor of acceptance from His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, who granted in return to the pious artist the Apostolic Benediction as a sign of heavenly graces. The oleograph is to be suspended between the two southern doors, leading to the chapel. It is very tastefully framed, and upon the matting underneath the picture, in clear, gold letters are these words from the one hundredth and forty-fourth psalm: *His tender mercies are over all His works*. The subscribers to the purchase of the gift are twelve in number, in honor of the twelve Apostles.

—The elocution of the young ladies at the regular Academic reunion evinces their careful labor and close attention to the instructions received in this important branch. Miss Frankie Carmien, in an excellent style, gave an admirable selection. Miss Grace Wolvin, in an amusing scrap from an exaggerated description of a picnic, exhibited the excellent control to which she has subjected her powers of personation. Finally, Miss Lora Williams, in the reading of the "Legend of the Best Beloved," commanded the breathless attention of her audience from first to last. Her voice is in a remarkable manner adapted to the poem. The distinguished author might have felt a laudable

satisfaction in her charming word-painting, had she been present to hear the superior interpretation of her poem given by Miss Williams. The heavenly charm of the beautiful character portrayed would cause one to turn from the "Juliets" and "Desdemonas" with indifference, to say the least. The more worthy and exalted the object of the heart's devotion, the more pure and noble becomes the character. The faithful sufferer for love of God reaches the acme of heroic virtue. This was the happy lot of "little Lutigarde." The heroines of sickly sentiment pale in comparison with such as her, as the light of the glowworm pales in the full radiance of day.

—By permission, we translate and present the following beautiful letter addressed to Very Rev. Father General:

"CHICAGO, March 12, 1886.

"VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:—I consider it my duty to announce to you that Miss Annie Cavenor, your godchild, has graciously consented to become my wife. She has so often spoken of you, her godfather in terms of such high praise, that I do not feel that I am a stranger to you, and I beg you to accept this letter as prompted by sentiments of profound esteem. Like Miss Cavenor, I am a Catholic. I made my studies with Mgr. Haffreingue in Boulogne sur Mer, with which institution you must be acquainted. It affords me satisfaction to thank you for all the good you and the revered Sisters have accomplished for my betrothed, to render her the lovely young girl she is to-day, and the amiable companion and wife she will be to me in the future. Bestow your blessing, I pray you, upon our union, and think of us in your prayers. Believe me, I shall never forget that it was God who sent her to me, and it is with these sentiments I take her for my wife. Believe me, Very Rev. Father,

"Yours, with profound consideration,

"CHARLES E. ROCHE.

"Very Rev. Father E. Sorin."

Like expressions of gratitude were addressed by the fortunate affianced to the Superior of the Academy. Miss Cavenor, Class '82, ranks among those who have most warmly endeared themselves to their *Alma Mater*. May every blessing attend the happy betrothed!

Cordiality.

It is true of the virtues that, being so intimately related, each to all, and all to each, the possession of one seems to imply the presence of the rest. To this rule, cordiality is no exception, but rather a very strong confirmation.

The warm, genial heart sheds its vivifying influence everywhere. Respect for all seems to be the very life of the happy owner of such a heart. He feels respect for youth because of its innocence and tenderness; for age, because of its worth and experience, its helplessness and dependence; for misfortune, since we are not the arbiters of our own condition; for the prosperous, in consideration of the great power for good reposed by Providence in their hands; and these gracious sentiments light the brow and thrill in the voice, so that the presence of a really cordial-hearted person is a panacea to every sorrow; at least a *consolation*, and a *blessing*.

Cordiality is ever self-forgetful, and the happiness of others is its one thought and aim. A want of hearty kindness is sure to arise from thoughtlessness; for common charity would lead us to believe that malice is very rare, for even envy and jealousy must blindfold their victim, and make him believe he has good cause for the dislike occasioned by these deadly passions, or they could not for one moment control the actions of any one.

In proportion as hypocrisy is to be despised, cordiality is to be admired and cultivated; for, why do we seek association with others, if not for mutual benefit; if not for the purpose of an interchange of kindly feeling and offices? He gives twice who gives cheerfully, and one who entertains with a manner that says more plainly than words, "this duty is a pleasure," enhances a hundredfold every charm he may possess.

A cold, stiff formality is far from winning. But we must not on that account infer that blunt rudeness is to be preferred; that disrespectful familiarity is to be tolerated; nor for a moment suppose the last-named traits are indicative of cordiality. Quite the reverse! Cordiality is the essence of true charity, and consequently of real politeness. To seek the satisfaction of the little group we may style "our set," and, at the same time, to disregard the happiness of others whom we tacitly exclude from the favored circle, is the most uncordial of ungracious acts, and shows that the first principles of true Christian kindness have been but poorly learned.

The cordial hostess seeks out the one who seems most to need her cheering influence; to her she pays her warm regard. Her fluent, unreserved, yet ever considerate conversation; her ubiquitous attentions; her ready tact and skill to bring forward agreeable topics, and ward off anything and everything like ill-nature, spreads, so to speak, a Claude Lorraine light over the happy circle in which she moves.

The cordial neighbor knows of sorrow and misfortune, but to relieve them so far as it is in her power. She is indifferent to no one. She has no time for idle gossip; for, as a Christian, she knows that calumny and slander are grave sins, and idle talk is sure to lead to these. While she cautiously distinguishes between sin and the perpetrator of sin, and severely reprehends the first, she is never a Pharisee, thanking God she is not as others, and enumerating to Him her virtues.

We have said that the virtues are linked as in an indissoluble chain. Of cordiality, we may say that it is the only atmosphere in which humility, obedience, deference for authority, and complete unselfishness can breathe freely:—

"More tall than the stars is the wonderful height
Of unselfishness, always reposing in light,
On whose glorious summits the night falleth never,
And the seen face of God is its sunshine forever."

By unselfishness we unconsciously acquire humility. By continually contributing to the benefit of others, we must forget ourselves. By considering

them of more importance than ourselves, we come to take our own measure with greater justness. We deem it no great stress of charity to administer to the necessities of even the poorest. In all simplicity we naturally render to others the time, care and attention that vanity and pride would lavish upon self.

Cordial unselfishness robes all those by whom we are surrounded in a mantle of worth, and our kindness draws forth from others the best that is in their natures.

The practice of cordiality requires such a degree of constant self-abnegation that, in order to reach it, we must have a steadfast recourse to prayer or we will surely fail to support the incessant contradictions which must beset our mortal path.

We see that true cordiality cannot exist, much less thrive, unless it be deeply planted in those profound moral and religious principles which alone can secure our eternal salvation. The practice of these principles will ensure to us peace of mind in this world, and will win for us beyond this life the reward meted out to the just.

MARTHA MUNGER (Class '86).

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, M. Andreus, J. Barlow, Bruhn, Butler, Brady, Bubb, Brown, Baschamang, Beckmann, Carney, Clendenen, Claggett, Coll, Cox, Carroll, Dillon, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, Dart, B. English, A. English, Ewing, Egan, Fuller, Fehr, Fenton, Flannery, Griffith, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, Guise, Green, A. Heckard, Horn, Hummer, B. Heckard, Henry, Harlem, Kearney, Kearns, Kingsbury, Lang, Lyons, Levy, Livingston, Lawrence, Munger, Morrison, J. McHale, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, M. McNamara, M. Murphy, Neff, Nagle, North, Nester, Riedinger, Rose, Rend, S. St. Clair, L. St. Claire, M. Scully, C. Scully, Stadtler, Shields, Shephard, Stafford, Stocksdales, Smith, Thornton, L. Trask, Wolvin, White, I. Wynn, F. Wynn, Walsh. *2d Tablet*—Misses Considine, Desenberg, Laskey, Robb.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, L. Bragdon, M. Clifford, M. Coll, L. Griffith, F. Hertzog, A. Keyes, L. Nester, B. Pierce, C. Prudhomme, G. Regan, E. Sheekey, H. Smart. *2d Tablet*—Misses T. Balch, M. Duffield, M. Mason, A. Odell, M. Smith, M. McEwen.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, L. Caddagan, E. Kendall, M. Lindsey, E. Qualey, H. Rhodes, F. Spencer, D. Lee, J. Wallace.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Barlow, Munger, Carney.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses M. Dillon, C. Griffith, E. Horn, M. F. Murphy, C. Scully, G. Wolvin, C. Lang, C. Morrison, A. Donnelly, B. Kearney, S. St. Clair, A. Butler, M. Hummer, L. Williams, A. Shephard, M. Fuller, L. Clendenen, J. McHale.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses F. Carmien, Alice Gordon, J. Lawrence, C. Kearns, G. Regan, L. Trask, B. Snowhook,

B. English, Addie Gordon, B. Heckard, F. Thornton, M. Neff, M. Scully, A. Duffield, G. Faxon, H. Nagle, E. Donnelly,

3D SR. CLASS—Misses A. Henry, M. Clifford, M. Beckmann, L. Considine, E. Balch, C. Farnsworth, L. Griffith, M. Cox, E. Carroll, H. Rose, M. Rend, M. Lyons, C. Brown, I. Moon, I. Wynn, S. McHale, M. Stafford, G. Stadtler, M. Smith, A. White, M. Patrick, E. Coll, L. Levy, A. Riedinger, E. Stocksdales, M. Chaves, A. Egan, P. Ewing.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses C. Shields, M. McEwen, B. Desenberg, L. Haas, A. Kennedy, N. Meehan, C. Service, A. Livingstone, N. Green, F. Robb.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses A. Monahan, H. Smart, F. Spencer, L. Nester, T. Balch, M. Mason, M. Lindsey, E. Burtis, E. Allnoch, M. Andreus, E. Claggett, F. Wynn, A. Odell, C. Prudhomme.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses E. Qualey, F. Steele, O. Boyer, D. Lee, M. Paul.

1ST JR.—Misses L. Caddagan, E. Kendall, H. Rhodes, L. Simpson, J. Wallace.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, B. Kearney, H. Nagle.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Cox, M. Morse, F. Carmien, J. Lawrence, M. Lyons, N. Kearns, M. Scully, L. Walsh, G. Faxon, B. Snowhook, A. Keys, H. Guise.

3D CLASS—Misses I. Wynn, M. Beckmann, N. Carroll, A. Henry, B. Desenberg, C. Farnsworth, E. Claggett, K. Brown, A. Monahan, A. Kennedy, E. Coll, N. Green, M. Blair.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Miss Kearsey.

2D DIV.—Misses Lyons, Carmien.

2D CLASS—Misses Shields, Monahan, Thornton, S. McHale.

3D CLASS—Misses Kearns, A. Donnelly, M. Rend.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses Munger, Lyons, Nagle, Walsh, Monahan.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. Bruhn.

2D CLASS—Misses M. F. Murphy.

3D CLASS—Misses Van Horn, Snowhook, A. Baschamang.

2D DIV.—Misses Kearns, Clendenen, Fenton, Sheekey, Kearsey, McEwen, Hertzog, Servis.

4TH CLASS—Misses Brady, Faxon, Keyes, A. Gordon, B. English, A. Beckmann, Morse, E. North.

5TH CLASS—Misses Smart, Prudhomme, T. Balch, B. Pierce, Odell, Coll.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses B. Kearney, C. Lang.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Donnelly, L. Trask, M. Cox.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Butler, M. Hummer, H. Rose, M. Smith, J. Lawrence, M. Blair, F. Carmien, B. Lauer, N. Donnelly, E. Allnoch, E. Qualey.

5TH CLASS—Misses F. Thornton, E. Balch, S. Dart, A. Kennedy, E. North, E. Blaine, L. Caddagan, B. Desenberg, L. Haas, E. Stocksdales, N. Neff.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense it as much as ever you can,
And say it the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs
Or matters and things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go sputtering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend—
Boil it down.

—EX.